

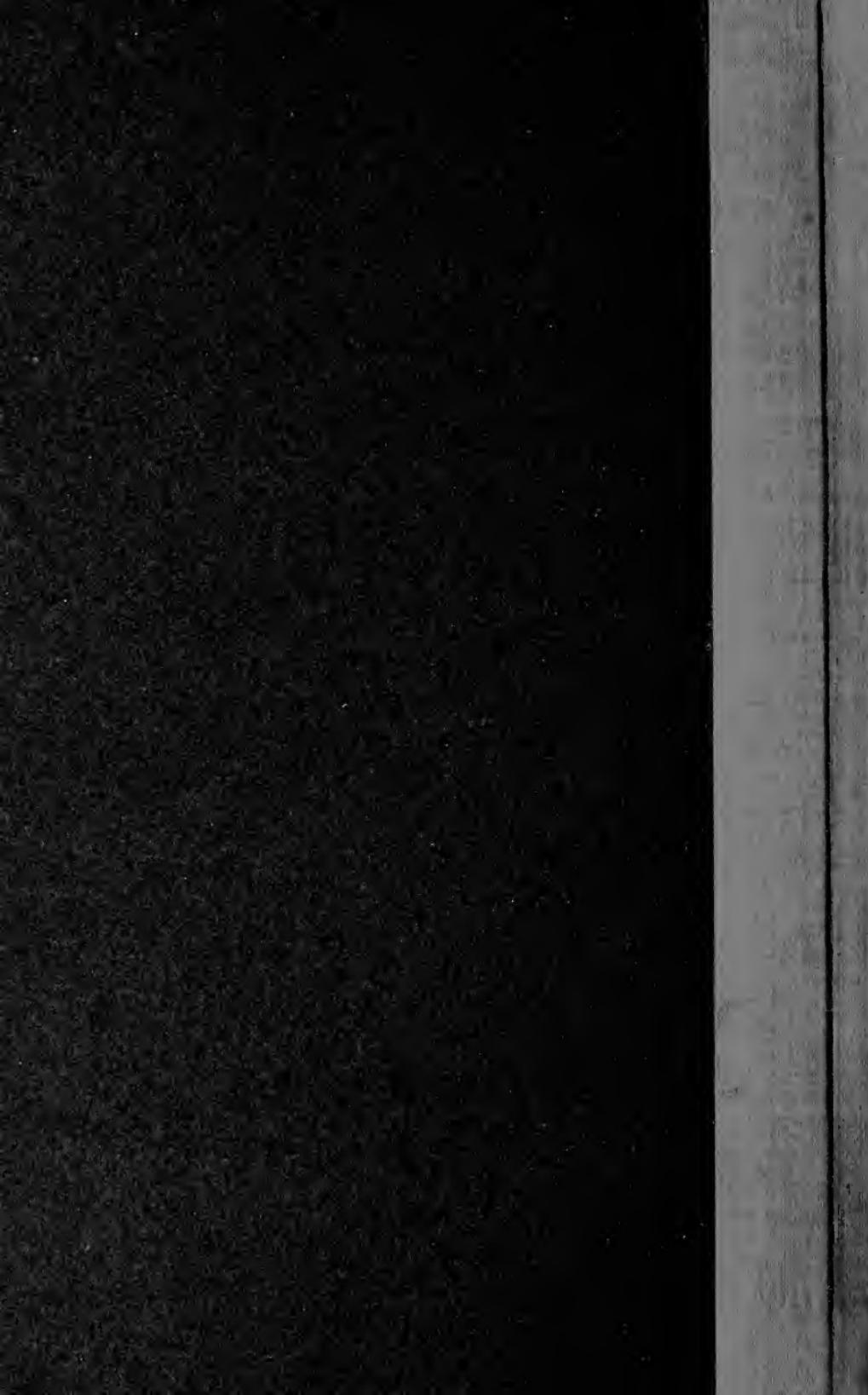


Class PS 3537
Book T 425 P3
1919

Author _____

Title _____

Imprint _____



A PAGEANT OF
VICTORY *and* PEACE

STEVENS



1919

C. C. BIRCHARD & COMPANY
BOSTON

A PAGEANT
OF VICTORY AND PEACE
WITH A THRENODY
FOR THOSE WHO FELL

WORDS BY THOMAS WOOD STEVENS
MUSIC BY HARVEY B. GAUL



1919

C. C. BIRCHARD & COMPANY
BOSTON

P53537
TA75P3
1919

COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY
C. C. BIRCHARD & CO.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED

NOTICE: The acting rights to this work are held by C. C. Birchard & Co. No performance may take place without written permission. Applicants should state the circumstances under which the production is to be made, and terms will be communicated by the publishers. The copying, either of separate parts or the whole of this work, by any process whatsoever is forbidden by law and subject to the penalties prescribed by Sec. 28, Copyright Law, in force July 1, 1919.

Jul 27 1919

© C.C.D. 52950

A PAGEANT OF VICTORY AND PEACE

PROGRAMME AS ORIGINALLY PRODUCED BY
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
IN MEMORY OF THE
CARNEGIE MEN WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE WAR

Words by THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

Music for the Choruses by HARVEY B. GAUL

Production Directed by B. IDEN PAYNE
Orchestra Directed by J. VICK O'BRIEN

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Alma Mater	Blanche Levy
America	Veolante Bollinger
First Herald of Victory.....	Alexander L. Buchanan
Second Herald.....	Carl B. Reid
Third Herald.....	B. Irving Dickinson
Victory	Ruth Farmer
The Crusader.....	James S. Church
Death	Dorothy Rubenstein
The Maiden	Mary Ricards
The Wife.....	Alma Lotz
The Mother.....	Sara Floyd
Youth.....	Kenneth Thomson
Time.....	C. Frederick Steen
Liberty.....	Beatrice Heinrich
Justice.....	Howard Claney
Britain.....	Howard F. Smith
France.....	Mary Lissfelt
Italy.....	Howard McClenahan
Poland.....	Hazel Beck
Peace.....	Mary Blair

Presences of the Entente and the Re-established Nations, of Science, Art,
Industry, Womanhood, and their Groups

Stage Management and Speaking Parts by the School of Drama.

Orchestra from the School of Music.

Stage Settings by the School of Architecture.

Decorative Accessories by the School of Painting and Decoration.

Lighting by ALEXANDER BUCHANAN. Dancing directed by MARY RICARDS.

Costumes directed by SARA EVELYN BENNETT.

THE ACTION OF THE PAGEANT

EPISODE I

VICTORY

The Community Spirit proclaims a solemn festival. She is joined by the civic groups, led by Science, Industry, Art and Faith. America enters, is welcomed by the Community Spirit, and takes her stand, awaiting the return of her sons from overseas.

The Heralds of Victory come to recount the progress of the American arms, and the final success; Victory flames forth as on a homeward prow, and to her trumpets the Crusaders come, America rejoicing in their return.

EPISODE II

THRENODY

The Community Spirit, meeting the Crusaders before the throne of silent Death, demands of them an account of the lost. The First Crusader replies that they fell, but rose to follow Death. The Chorus of Women lament them:

*Oh gleaner of the field of war,
How many brave—how many brave
Have fallen to thy harvest-tide?
How many strong—how many strong
In hope and love, with thee abide,
Oh gleaner of the field of war?*

*Oh gleaner Death! Oh gleaner Death!
How many weep—how many weep
Through all the lands this year of woe?
How many men—how many men
Have touched thy garment bending so,
And come not home—not home again?
Oh gleaner Death! Oh gleaner Death!*

The voice of the Maiden is heard in lyric sorrow, and of Death the Chorus demands:

*For those who silent loved and lost,
For all the dreamers unfulfilled,
What is thy word, oh Death, thy word?
For hopes that failed and lives that crossed
As thou hast willed—as thou hast willed,
What is thy word, oh Death, thy word?*

To the Maiden, Death makes reply, and Taps, sounding from the distance, speaks to her heart of the sleep of the soldier. The Wife raises her voice, and for her the Chorus asks of Death:

*For the mate of the bird the storm hath driven
To break his wings on the rock,
What is thy word, oh Death, thy word?
At Life's full stream, Love deeply given,
Wilt thou dare, oh Death, to mock?
What is thy word, oh Death, thy word?*

Death answers; again the bugle calls, and the voice of the Mother, speaking alone; and for her, the Chorus:

*To her who has borne a son
And given a son,
What shall be spoken?
To the mothers of men,
Now that the life they gave is broken,
Is dead—
What shall be said?*

Again Death replies, and the call sounds fainter; the Maiden, the Wife and the Mother cry out antiphonally, and the Chorus mourns:

*Oh desolate hearth and roof-tree broken down,
Oh house of tears!
Oh city bowed, oh land made dark
Through the marching years!
What shall bring back to us now
From their far sleep
The lads who fell? And what shall we do,
Save remember—and weep?
Remember, and weep.*

The Crusader protests against their prostrate spirits, and the Community Spirit counsels resignation to the inevitable loss. But now, slowly, Death is transformed, and in a flood of golden light proclaims herself the last measure of devotion, author of ever-living honor, Life-in-Glory. And the Chorus, lifted in exaltation, responds:

*Oh Life in Glory! Ye that died to live—
Live on! Oh treaders of the pathway of the stars!*

EPISODE III

PEACE

Youth calls upon Time for a vision to show wherein his sacrifice of life is justified. Time counsels him, and shows him Justice and Liberty, and the Nations in council. Youth hears their voices, and sees the re-establishment of the captive nations, and hears the voice of America in the plea for Peace.

Peace enters, but may not re-ascend her throne because of the imperial demands of the nations. America calls for the leaguing of the powers against aggressive war and Youth sees Peace again set foot upon her threshold.

These visions Time interprets, and Youth, again content, sets out on his new pilgrimage.

A PAGEANT OF VICTORY AND PEACE

FIRST EPISODE

VICTORY

[*Trumpet calls—The Spirit of the Community enters; again the trumpet sounds, and as the notes die away, she speaks.]*

THE COMMUNITY SPIRIT *

For this, our city, for the purposes
That must aspire within its walls, I speak,
Saluting all. Now the old year is done,
And the new hope looks forward, and I make
To-night a solemn festival: give thanks
For my strong sons returned from overseas;
Give tears for those who fell—proud tears for those
Who come not back; and last of all, look out
Across the fields where still the dust of war
Dims the clear vision, where America
Beholds the new unfettered nations rise,
And Peace, on hesitant wing, comes circling home.

[*She turns back as the music begins. Then, to a great March, enter the civic groups, led by Science, Art, Industry and Faith. These groups, henceforth representing the Community, and led by the Community Spirit, wheel to greet America, who enters with her group on the upper level at the right.]*

America, thou mighty spirit, hail!
We greet thee and again submit ourselves,
Our arts and sciences and industries. Command us.

* NOTE: The Spirit of the Community should, of course, bear, in production, the name of the city; or, if the performance be given by a school or college, of Alma Mater.

A M E R I C A

Not to the tasks of war I bend your powers,
As once, a year ago—two years ago—they bent:
Nor yet to the new ventures . . . Now I wait.

T H E C O M M U N I T Y S P I R I T

What wait you?

A M E R I C A

I wait my heart's return.

T H E C O M M U N I T Y S P I R I T

Why watch you now?..the word has come...

A M E R I C A

The word—yea, I have thrilled upon the word,
And yet, I watch. The sea lanes now lie free,
And the East wind blows joy.

T H E C O M M U N I T Y S P I R I T

Why, so the Argive watchers on the wall
Strained eyes to catch the fire from crag to crag,
That told of Agamemnon's coming.

A M E R I C A

A greater thing I wait than they,
Nor spread the purple floors for triumphs loud,
The spoils and captives prophesying woe.

T H E C O M M U N I T Y S P I R I T

And so they waited for the lone stripped sail
That told of the Crusader's battles.

A M E R I C A

Yea,
More like to them I wait who looked to see
The shrine redeemed from whence their faith was sprung.
Not hastily I went to war,
But with a sword made quick by many wrongs
And violent deeds and black injustices.
I saw the nations ranged for Liberty,

For Justice and the common human right,
'Gainst the despoiler's blind and smoking rage.
I watched the line of flame creep over France,
By trench and wave the toll of British dead,
And the slow breaking of the Belgian heart.
I launched my stroke the last, the longest stroke,
Hard driven, with clean steel. And now I wait.

[*Trumpets are again heard, and enter, running together, the three Heralds of Victory. The Community Spirit moves, with her group, to America's side.*]

T H E H E R A L D S

Hail, America!

A M E R I C A

Hail, Heralds of my battle lines.

F I R S T H E R A L D

I bring you word of our first day of fire.
Long your armies lay, enforcèd quiet,
Gathering power, as the slow thousands came,
Division by division, host on host.
And then, at last, the long-awaited sign!
For us the pinnacle, the peak of chance
And glory . . .
Behind us lay the open road to death—
Death and disaster irretrievable—
Unguarded save where we were left to guard.
Upon us poured the gray floods of the foe,
Clouded in rolling mists that smothered men;
Above, the lightnings and the soaring wings,
And on that moment and the world the touch
Of wavering Fate. . . .

S E C O N D H E R A L D

Write deep, America,
The places where the stand was made—the names
Of Belleau Wood, and Rouge Bouquet,
And Chateau Thierry—where the foe broke back
Stubbornly, day by bloody day, to Fismes.

FIRST HERALD

Rejoice, for they who stood along that line
Saved from the foe the high decision, saved
All that our world holds dear. And for the lives
There given, do not weep, for never lives
Bought in their ending such a golden issue.

THIRD HERALD

Yet many a golden life went out, to hold
The line along that shattered wood.

FIRST HERALD

They yielded not!

SECOND HERALD

And so the foe broke back. Again the sign,
Again we struck, and where the sullen spear,
Whose point was St. Mihiel, threatened the East,
We drove our battle; Mont Sec's tattered flanks,
Burrowed and mined and empty, where the blood
Of France had sluiced away but yester year,
Fell to our arms, and on the ring of Metz
Our cannon rained their iron dissonance.

THIRD HERALD

Westward the thunder shifted. Westward then
To the Argonne—the last and strongest line!
And where the wooded hills, deep entrenched,
Roll to the open plains, our fire bit deep.

SECOND HERALD

Bit deep, but bitterly we felt the blast.

THIRD HERALD

There we poured our power, and echoes came
Of victories along the west wind borne—
Our brothers victories:
Of sandy trenches on the Flanders coast
After four desperate years won back;
Of Hindenburg's vaunted wall pierced through,

And Sedan glimpsing once again, far off,
But nearer, nearer still, the flags of France.
The echoes cheered us on. The fight was won!
And now we come to hail thee—

F I R S T H E R A L D

Every sail astrain across the foam—

S E C O N D H E R A L D

And every trumpet singing—Victory!

[*As they speak, Victory appears on the elevation at the left. She is the color of flame, and her draperies blow backward as she stands like one on the prow of a ship, holding aloft her wreath of golden bay; behind her is a group of maidens with long trumpets of silver.*]

T H E C O M M U N I T Y G R O U P

Victory, Victory, Victory!

A M E R I C A

Hail, Victory. Let the music soar, and beat
The ground with your rejoicing feet. But I—
I wait. . . .

[*From behind America comes a group of dancers, who fill the central space with a triumphant bacchanal. At the end of the dance, drums are heard from the left, and America speaks.*]

Now the East grows quick.
Break off—ye that make glad with Victory.
I hear the bugles, feel the throb, the march
Of my returning sons. I wait no more,
But now, in truth and in God's light, rejoice!

[*Music. Enter the groups representing the various returning Services. They come to centre, the Community group going to right, and the Heralds to the left, with Victory. When they are in place their flag is raised aloft, and the music changes to the National Anthem. At the close, the groups vanish in darkness.*]

EPISODE II

THRENODY

[Out of darkness, gradually lifting, appears enthroned, at the centre, a veiled figure—mysterious and aloof—the figure of Death. To a solemn music the field below is illuminated as with a pale moonlight, and by swaying torches borne on high by mysterious figures. After the torchbearers come the procession of the Chorus, veiled women and maidens; the torch-bearers group themselves on the elevations at the sides of the stage; the Chorus at the centre, surrounding Death's throne, facing outward. To a second musical strain enter, on the opposite sides of the stage, the Community Spirit and the Crusader, each with a group with furled banners. As the music ceases, the Community Spirit speaks:]

THE COMMUNITY SPIRIT

What of my sons who come not home?
Where lie they—soldier—they that fight no more?

THE CRUSADER

They camped with us, and still in memory
Answer the bugles; some there were that slept
Too deep for waking when we marched away.
They sailed with us, and some the bitter sea
Whelmed in the sinking of the painted ships.
They fought with us, and by our side they fell

THE COMMUNITY SPIRIT

They fell and rose no more?

THE CRUSADER [Indicating Death]

They rose to follow her.

THE COMMUNITY SPIRIT

And who is she they followed?

T H E C R U S A D E R

She who sits yonder.

T H E C O M M U N I T Y S P I R I T

I know her not, but terror in my heart
Chills at her presence.

T H E C R U S A D E R

She has been with us
Too long for terror; she has flown above
In the pale moonlight, ridden the thunder home,
And floated in the fatal cloud of hate
That rolled across our trenches. We have come
To know her well, and we no longer fear.

T H E C O M M U N I T Y S P I R I T [To Death]

Who art thou?

T H E C R U S A D E R

She will not answer.

T H E C O M M U N I T Y S P I R I T

Is she ever silent?

T H E C R U S A D E R

She speaks to us in battle, gloriously.

T H E C O M M U N I T Y S P I R I T

If she lift voice to you in battle, here
Shall she be silent? Shall not tears avail,
Nor the dark empty spaces in the heart,
Nor desolate nights, nor days uncomfeted?
These things are mine. Dark spirit, answer me,
Who art thou?

D E A T H

I am Death.

C H O R U S

*Oh gleaner of the field of war,
How many brave—how many brave
Are fallen to thy harvest-tide?*

*How many strong—how many strong,
In hope and love, with thee abide,
Oh gleaner of the field of war?*

*Oh gleaner Death, oh Gleaner Death,
How many weep—how many weep
Through all the lands this year of woe?
How many men—how many men
Have touched thy garment bending so,
And come not home—not home again—
Oh gleaner Death—Oh gleaner Death!*

[As the Chorus closes, one figure—a Maiden—
momentarily dominates the bowed and stricken
groups.]

THE MAIDEN

Spring—it was spring—and the bloom
On the orchard was pale as the snow
In a rose-lit dawn,
When I saw him last—when I touched him last
When he turned at the gate to go,
And life was sweet as the orchard wind that blew in the face
of doom,—
Death—oh Death—He is gone.

Straight and tall—straight and tall—
Home from the camps for a day—a day,
Smiling and gay,
And he said no word, and I said no word
Of the words we longed to say,
And the years to come that we both could read in the
silences, and all—
And now . . .
I would I had spoken, and he had heard.

Flags—there were flags in the sun,
Streaming victorious banners ablaze
Overhead—everywhere . . .
But what of the promise Life made to me
And to him in the blossoming days,

When a silence was all he could give, and a word was more
than my heart would dare.

And now—oh Death—it is done!

And I lock my lips and I lock my heart,
And what shall become of me?

CHORUS

*For those who silent loved and lost,
For all the dreamers unfulfilled,
What is thy word — oh Death — thy word?
For hopes that failed and lives that crossed
As thou hast willed—as thou hast willed,
What is thy word — oh Death — thy word?*

D E A T H

Maiden, I give thee a vision unstained
By the years—and stainless forever,
To lock in a nation's heart, and to lift
Not this youth—but all youth—on high
As a flame of the breath of God.

*[As she ceases to speak, there comes, as from
a great distance, the call of Taps; the Chorus,
listening, moves slowly, and as the last note
dies away, the group is seen to be dominated
by another figure, the Wife.]*

T H E WIFE

I cannot bear to look on roses now,
Nor any soft, sweet thing that seems to breathe:
The little airs that touch me on the brow—
The clouds with all the whispering rain beneath—
I cannot bear to look on roses now.

The twilight sounds that tremble into rhyme,
They sting me—all the bees of memory
That gather on the fadeless flower of time,
And all the golden words he made for me—
The twilight sounds that tremble into rhyme.

How shall I learn to face the night again—
The empty winds that kiss my cheek and pass,
The dreary moments I forget—and then
The changeless shadow on the brittle glass:
How shall I learn to face the night again?

THE CHORUS

*For the mate of the bird the storm hath driven
To break his wings on the rock,
What is thy word—oh Death—thy word?
At Life's full stream, love deeply given,
Wilt thou dare, oh Death, to mock?
What is thy word—oh Death—thy word?*

D E A T H

Woman, as deeply as his love
Hath scored thy spirit, I have written there
Words, not to thee, but to his children
And thine, words of heroical fire.
Look thou within. Live on.
And if ever again the world
Shake with the trumpets and thunders,
There shall be many to look
Steady and smiling into my eyes.
Unafraid—as he was unafraid.

[*Again the sound of Taps, now distant, and
when the listening groups are still again, the
third figure, the Mother, stands before Death.]*

T H E M O T H E R

I sent him forth. 'Twas from me,
Before he came to birth,
That he learned the high, clear call
To give himself and to spend his life
For a more triumphant earth.

I sent him forth to the strife.
'Twas done when he stood by my knee,
And I taught him the loftiest names,

The singers and captains and heroes and saviors
That died that the world might be free.

I sent him forth when as a child
I lit in his spirit the flames
That burn for the lighting of man
Out of the caverns dim where beguiled
He brooded on ancient shames.

I sent him forth. Bitter the hour,
My son—and bitter the day:
And a hope and a terror ran
Through my heart that like one in a sentinel tower
Watched for the morning's gray.

I sent him forth to his chance;
His life is gone like a breath;
But 'twas I that guidoned his lance,
(And I weep for the child I have lost),
But the starry vision was mine that he followed
To meet with thee, Death.

CHORUS

*To her who has borne a son
And given a son,
What shall be spoken?
To the mothers of men,
Now the life that they gave is broken,
Is dead—
What shall be said—what shall be said?*

D E A T H

Life made her bear and rear the child—not I;
But could she teach him what he learned of me?
Life set the golden lamps before her soul;
She followed them. Her son
Came worthily and with clean heart to me,
Giving the life he had for that great life
Whose dawn is imminent. She understands,
I chose him, and who knows how many times

It shall be his to die to shape the world
More to the splendor of his soul's desire.

[*Again the bugle call, still fainter.*]

T H E M A I D E N

His soul's desire—yet—ah, how warm his heart!

T H E W I F E

How lone his grave beneath a foreign sky!

T H E M O T H E R

Death would not touch my brow instead of his.

T H E M A I D E N

How still he lies that was so strong—how pale.

T H E W I F E

How hollow now the world that was so rich!

T H E M O T H E R

Where turn we now? The onward path is lost.

C H O R U S

[*As they sing they circle the central space,
their heads bowed.*]

Oh desolate hearth and roof-tree broken down!

Oh house of tears!

Oh city, oh land made dark

Through the marching years!

What shall bring back to us now

From their far sleep

The lads who fell? And what shall we do

Save remember—and weep?

Remember and weep.

T H E C R U S A D E R

Cease ye from lamentation. They who died
Have done their part. They asked no other end
Than to give all. It is for us who live
To see that these comrades sleeping sound
Shall not have died in vain.

THE COMMUNITY SPIRIT

Maidens and mothers, spirits of tears and song,
Remember how they fell; and not your loss,
But the world's deep enrichment by their lives
Shall lift your hearts to face the newer day.
Remember well, but weep no more; their names
Write you in gold upon your dearest shrine;
Forget them not. For you, they followed her.

[*Death rises majestically from her throne. The light begins to change, until at the end of Death's speech the entire stage is flooded with a golden radiance.*]

D E A T H

Hear me, ye women, and with steadfast souls
Bear forth my word to all who fear and weep.
From out the smoky darkness of the tent,
Whose walls encompass dull mortality,
My trumpets called these few — these golden few.
Out of the tent they trooped, and, looking up,
Saw, where I led them, all the zoned stars,
Illimitable, filling the farthest skies
With fires that wheeled in glory everlasting.
They died well, and dying so, live on.
I touched their brows and set their spirits free,
But freeing them, I bound the world they left
To new, diviner purposes. You call me Death,
But I am more than Death. In me
The last devotion flames, and in my change,
Which these have dared, is written all of fame,
All honor, and the wakening of the world
To Life-in-Glory—Man suffused in God!

[*And now the Chorus, flooded also with the golden light, catches her exaltation and lifts it in song.*]

CHORUS

*Oh Life-in-Glory! Ye that died to live,
Live on—Oh treaders of the pathway of the stars!
[The lights fade, and the groups vanish.]*

EPISODE III

PEACE

THE VOICE OF YOUTH

[*Calling in the gloom.*]

O Time, I call thee forth — I conjure thee —
Forever hiding in eternity —
Appear, old Time—appear and answer me.

TIME

[*Appearing, a dim gray figure on the elevation at the right.*]

Who calls me forth? Who clamors at the gate
Of the dim future?

YOUTH

[*Also appearing as the light at the foot of Time's elevation grows stronger.*]

I am Youth who calls.

TIME

Ho—Youth the Wastrel—why call you on me?

YOUTH

I am no wastrel now.

TIME

Are you the youth who led the battle charge,
And died?

YOUTH

Yea, I am he.

TIME

No wastrel?—you who poured your life away
Like wine that spills that you may drink and dance
In the same headlong breath?

YOUTH

I am the youth who died,
And I am he who lives to face

Thy future, Time. I am all Youth that calls
On thee to hearken. For I find the life
That thou hast given fragile, and the soul
That seemed so deep within me, now is poised
For flights I had not dreamed. This ancient world
So marked with thee, so sculptured by thy hand,
Shakes, and remoulds itself. The night is filled
With whisperings of change. Old things go down
And new things struggle up against the sky;
And I, because I died upon the crest,
Fight on; because I lived beyond the flame,
Question the hour. Time—old Time—answer me:
For all the lives that I have given you,
What do I get of you? That those sweet lives
Shall not be given in vain—in vain?

T I M E

Youth, I will answer, but I will not shake
The veil of years away. Your eyes I touch
With light here to behold the nations, here
To trace in shadowy symbols mighty things
Touching thy recompense. My tread is slow;
Not all your passion can anticipate
The healing or the ruin by my hands
Wrought in the world, or to be wrought hereafter.
But Liberty still lives—you love her well:
And Justice reigns—however slow his sword:
And under them the breathing nations move,
And sway, touch hands, and part, and cling again
Like dust motes circling in the breath of God.
You called me, Youth. I answer you—Behold!

[*Slowly out of the darkness the elevation at
the left rises, and Justice and Liberty appear.*]

L I B E R T Y

Hail, Youth of the World—the Herald of my star!

J U S T I C E

Hail, Youth—who shall be guardian of my sword?

Y O U T H

Justice and Liberty . . . I was not sure.
Hail, both! I was not sure—and yet I fought
For you.

J U S T I C E

Too slowly for your eager heart
I move. And yet because of you—because
Of the dear lives you gave, I still endure.

L I B E R T Y

And I, out of your scarlet sacrifice,
Have builded temples where of old the walls
Of tyranny crowned the hill tops. Is this well?

Y O U T H

What if I pour a thousand lives for you?
I am content. And yet . . . I am not sure.

T I M E

Look, then, remembering how slowly I
Mould and remould, create and discreate.
The voices of the nations are for you,
But listen well, and wait. I am not swift.
You are not sure. Life sways to many wills.

[Now the lights flood over the darkened central space, where around a great table, on whose rich cloth are faded armorial bearings, the Nations are seen in council; their voices come slowly at first out of the vision.]

F R A N C E

I speak you plain—I, France.
Make now what terms ye will. League as ye dare.
But let the sword of Justice fall. Let not
The rage again be loosed. I have not shrunk
From the fire's trial, but I will not bear
Thrice, what I have borne. This were all in vain
If still the same mad masters rule the world.
They change, ye say. I trust not changing flags.
Let the sharp fangs be drawn, and so bring peace
To dwell as lastingly as may be on the land.

B R I T A I N

For Britain's power, my voice;
Lead now the sulky ships to sea. They dared
But little of the spray and sun. And sink
Forever all the secret craft that smote
From the green depths the goodly merchantmen.
Unwillingly we met them at their trade,
And now let their black trade be done.

I T A L Y

I was not quick to strike, but I have fought
A hungry battle. Now I, Italy,
Here claim the pledge of my ambition as
Of my necessity.

Y O U T H

Was it for this? I am not sure. . . .

[*The figures around the great table bend to
their conferences, interchanging gestures and
glances.]*

T I M E

Still wait, remembering—they have suffered much.

Y O U T H

Only as I have suffered; ships and lands
And flags that change—what things are these to me?
I can not be as I was then. Let them not hope
To tread again the old deep-channelled roads,
Nor set things as they were.

T I M E

Whate'er may pass, I turn not back.

Y O U T H

True, Time.
I listen still; so much is not in vain.

A M E R I C A

Nations in council, worn with bitter blows,
And blinded still with crash of victories,
Let here the fires of battle sink, and face

The newer tasks. Shaping the future peace,
Let temperate Justice reign: and ancient wrongs,
That bite the spirit deep, be righted first.
Strike free the fettered peoples. Liberty
Shall smile again on nations long in woe,—
On Poland; the Czech-Slovak race; the Slavs
Of the far South—the Jugo-Slavic strain;
On Ukraina; on Armenia, lost in tears;
On Palestine; and many a province more
That bore upon its neck a foreign yoke,
Or the dull straining discontent of forced
Unnatural alliances. Let all
These lands walk free.

[*Trumpets are heard off stage.*]

Y O U T H

This likes me better, Time.

[*Enter the re-established nations, led by Poland.*]

F R A N C E

[*Coming forward, she salutes Poland, and gives her a great charter of liberties.*]

Poland, my sister, proud and desolate,
Look you again on Liberty; and take again
The symbol of your ancient sovereignty.

[*Poland kneels to receive the symbol.*]

P O L A N D

As one who struggles from an evil dream
Back to the morning and the light of life.
I greet you, nations. And for these who come,
As I, out of the tyrannies, into
Their several birthright freedoms, lift my voice:
You can not know, as we, how sweet this hour,
For you remember no such chains as ours.

F R A N C E

Nay, I remember violent severance
Of mine own blood and bone, now knit again.

L I B E R T Y

For these who knew captivity,
And these who long divided blindly fought,
Brother with brother, let your judgment wait;
They shall take up their burdens, bear their part
Again in the world's ventures; but their steps
Are not yet firm upon the soil re-won;
But here I pledge you every land set free
To guard its freedom, and to lift its face
To the fresh dawn, and pray
The sun to dry away the dark night's tears.

[*The new nations take their places in the council.*]

A M E R I C A

We will be patient. We will understand,
In time, though still the smoke of battle shadow
So dark so many distant nations. Wait.
Russia we see not here—Russia, who fought
So long the battle of the right, whose generous blood
Flowed for our cause in streams uncountable.
And now—we know not. She hath veiled her face;
And yet we know—she overthrew her Czar,
And made an end of old autocracies;
What new pangs, new ecstacies, are hers,
Time shall at last disclose. And Germany,
Humbled and broken, has cast off the crest
Of her black eagles, and in her great fall
The chains of her allied and subject powers
Clang off, and new flags blaze against the sky.
With charity to all, malice toward none,
We stand in council. And if peace be slow,
And not as we have seen her in our hope,
Yet welcome her, and trust her. She will change
And re-inspire the spent and laboring earth.

[*Music. Enter Peace; she comes before the Nations, hesitating and fearful.*]

P E A C E

Nations, why have ye banished me? Am I,—
The nourisher of all prosperities,
The builder of delights, the saving prayer,—
Am I so little worth? Ye trust me not?

F R A N C E

We love thee, Peace, but thy voice singing soft
Shall not again lull us to perilous sleep.

I T A L Y

And first let the old debts of wrath be paid,
The harbor keys of golden shores be given
To those who earned them on the crimsoned snows.

P E A C E

I may not come to those whose hearts are closed,
Nor those who grasp at gains beyond the bound
That Justice marks. And yet—O Nations, call—
Ah, call me home! I faint with wandering.

[She sinks down.]

B R I T A I N

We call thee, Peace. We never wanted war,
Never desired thine exile.

P E A C E

I am not free to rise again. I fear.

A M E R I C A

What fearest thou?

P E A C E

The clashing of these smothered discontents,
And these ambitions that, like unleashed hounds,
Range where they will.

A M E R I C A

List ye, O nations,
Ye are white with wasted blood; your arms
Are weary-laden with their victories,

And all the world's desire is rest, and yet
Ye trust not Peace. Nor will she come again
While one wild will may shatter all. League now,
League all, and face the years to come
With courage drawn from all your souls, with power
Drawn from all powers. And call Peace home forever.

B R I T A I N

America, I pledge my far-flung line,
My wandering argosies, my faith, to thee
For this high League.

F R A N C E

I am not so swift. Not words alone
Shall make this pledge endure. Yet will I pledge,
And, having spoken, will abide.

A M E R I C A

Your swords,
O nations, and your flags aloft, proclaim
Our covenant.

[*The flags of the nations are raised, and their swords gleam in salute.*]

P E A C E [Rising]

O day of joy—O time of home-coming!
Rain in the spring, and sunlight after rain,
And the rich bourgeoning of the earth,
And the fulfillment of the soul's desire!

A M E R I C A

Thy throne is over us. Ascend, sweet Peace.
Powers of the world, here I salute you all,
And set my sails for home.

[*America moves aside and withdraws. Peace ascends to the central throne, the nations grouped beside and below her. Youth speaks to Time.*]

Y O U T H

What wilt thou now unfold?

T I M E

Of what my future holds, I may not speak,
Youth of the world, yet this I tell thee true:
Peace is beloved of peoples, not of kings;
For peoples thrive beneath her, but loud wars
Have brought together empires big with hate.
Free peoples, loving Liberty, will die
For her they love, but not for alien lands,
Nor subject gold, nor purple over-sway.
Look now about you, and where find you still
Autocracies triumphant? Nay, alive?
And say if I have given nothing for the lives
You gave me yesterday.

Y O U T H

I am content
So far as I have won, I am content.
And here set out on my new pilgrimage,
With Justice, Peace and Liberty aloft,
In the new morning of the world. Farewell.

[*Youth steps out gaily on his journey; the music sounds, and America re-enters, with her groups, below Time, on the right; at the same moment the Community Spirit leads on her group from the left, and all join in singing:]*

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrims' pride;
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

NOTES FOR PRODUCTION

The three Episodes of this pageant may be produced independently if desired, the Threnody (Episode II.) being readily available as a community service in commemoration of the men lost in the war, without reference to the other two Episodes. The speaker representing the Community Spirit should, of course, be appropriately dressed to represent the City, or, if the work be given by a school or college, Alma Mater; and she should be so denominated in the programme. The "Action of the Pageant," as printed herewith, is useful as a synopsis in the printed programme, and helps materially the understanding of the Threnody, as it gives the words of the Chorus in full.

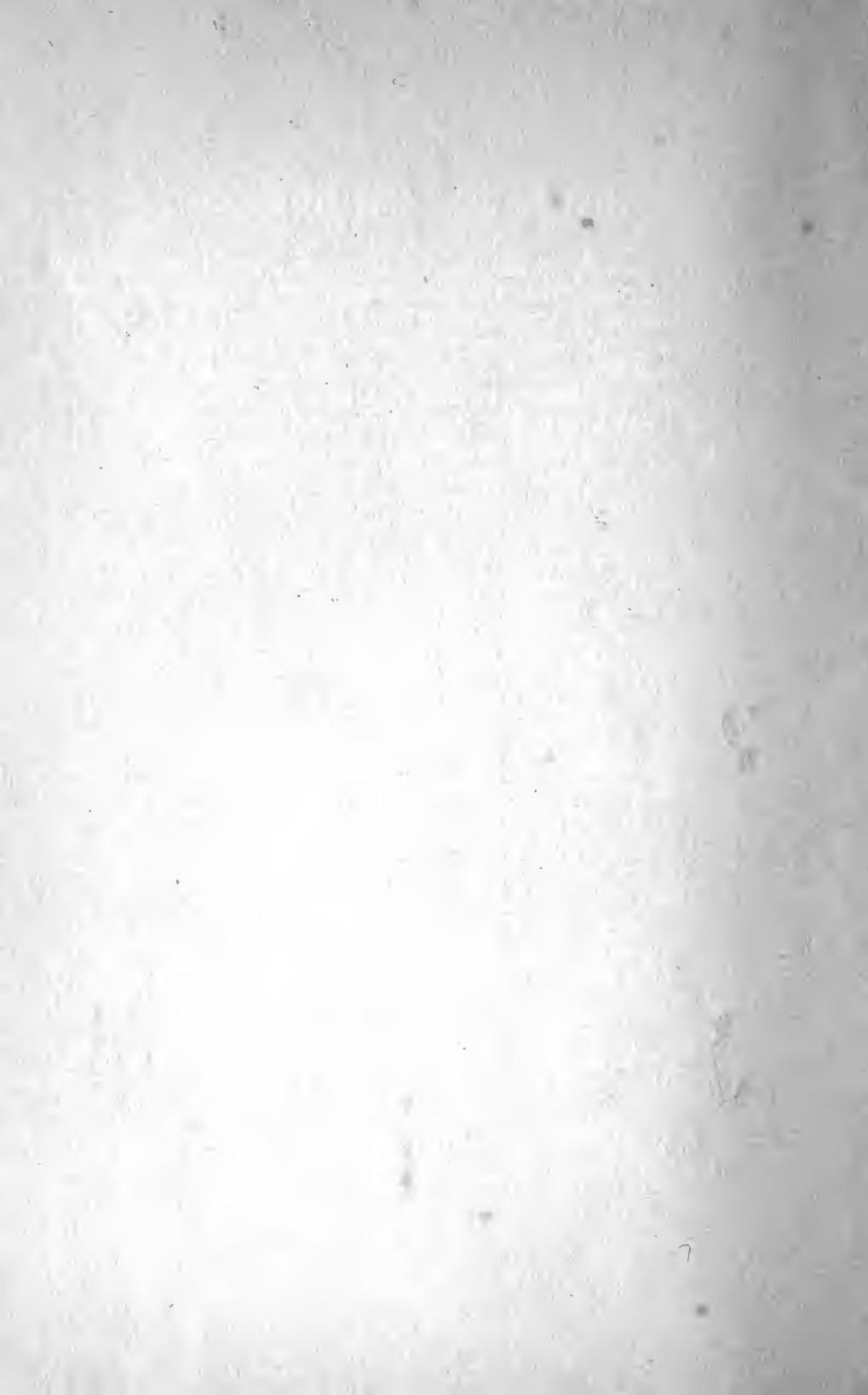
The setting used in the open air is very simple, consisting of an elevation at each side of the stage, and at the back a third elevation bearing, during the second and third Episodes, a great, simple throne. The elevation at the right is used by America, and in the Third Episode by Time; that on the left by Victory, and in the Third Episode by Justice and Liberty.

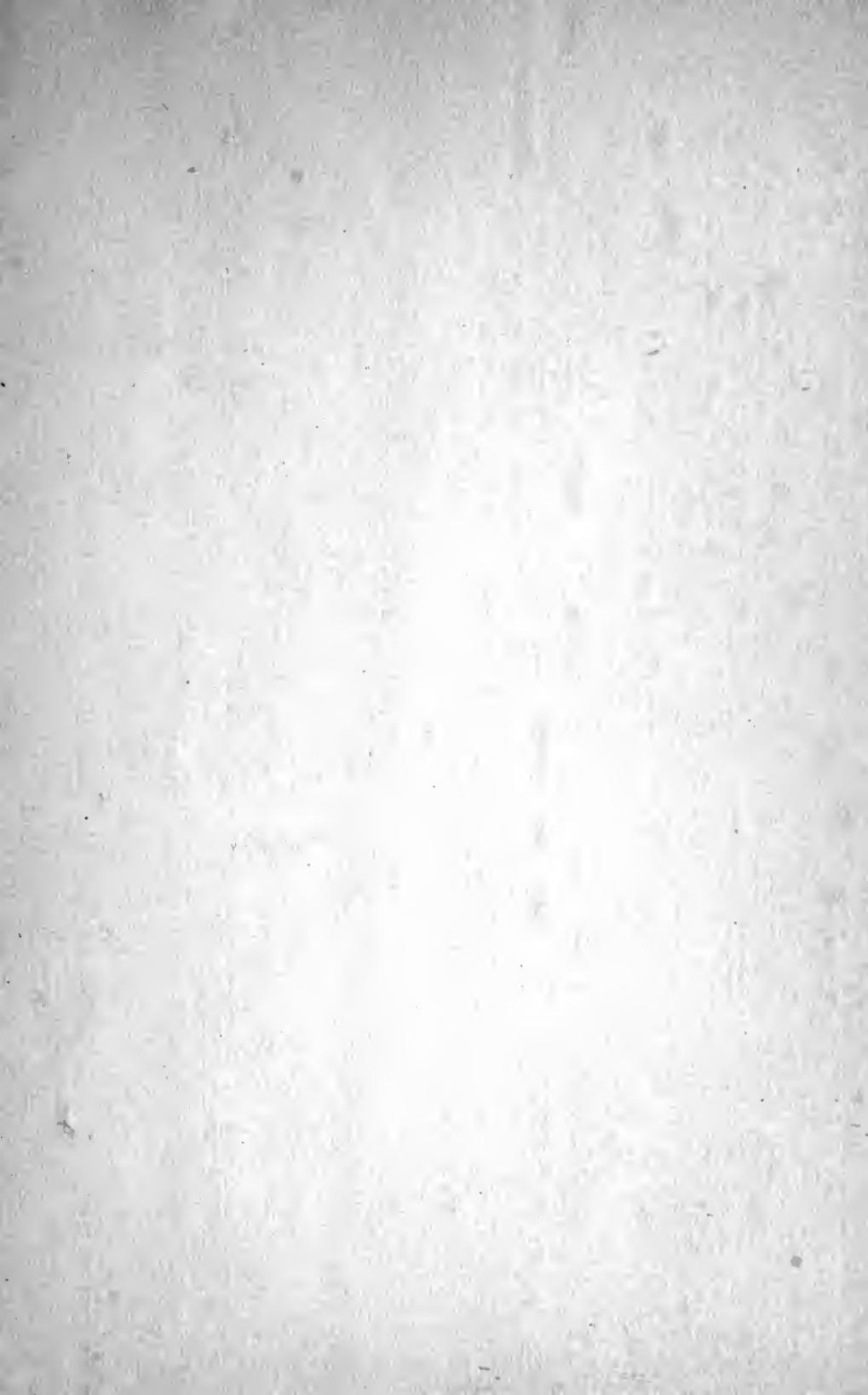
It is, of course, necessary that the lights be arranged on separate circuits so that the side elevations, and the spaces immediately before them, can be lighted independently of the centre of the stage. It is also important to the effect of the Threnody (Episode II) that the amber lights be on dimmers so that they may be gradually turned on during Death's final speech. An electric fan, properly concealed, is useful to the Victory effect in Episode I., though by no means essential.

The costuming may be elaborate, but the effect of the performance depends less upon it than upon a clear and sincere delivery of the lines and music.

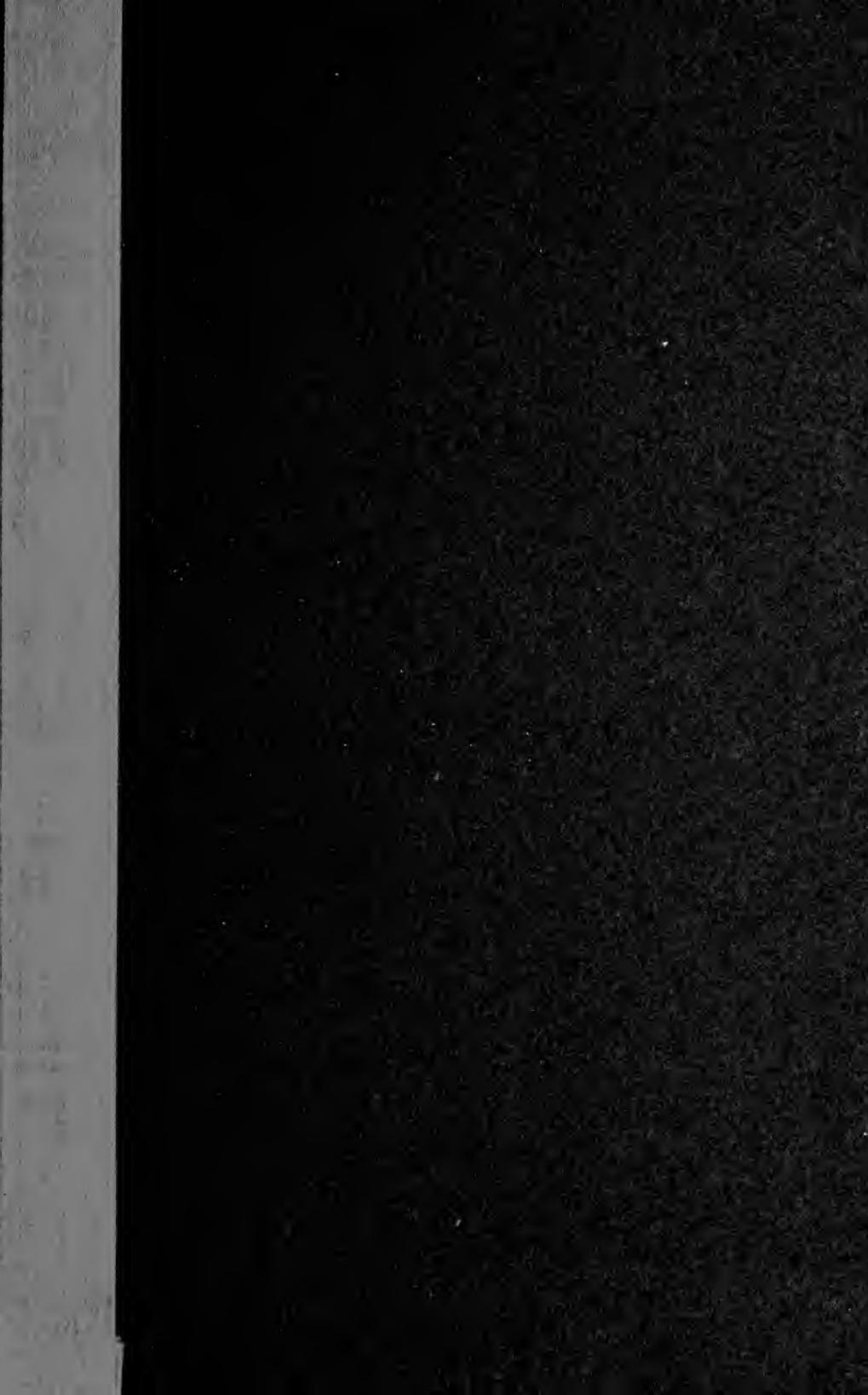
To make the music effective employ the brass instruments as much as possible.

In the choral music have the choruses kept unison and sung with full voice.









LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 394 441 1